

# Strange News from WESTMORELAND.

Being a true Relation of one Gabriel Harding, who coming home Drunk, struck his Wife a blow on the Breast and killed her out-right; then did he forswear the evil Deed which he knew himself guilty of. Likewise how a stranger did come to the House cloathed in Green, the people that were eye witness said it was an Angel. Likewise how the Stranger or Angel did give Sentence upon the man for killing of his Wife. Also how Satan did break the mans Neck that did forswear himself; and the Stranger or Angel did command Satan to hurt none else, and to vanish: which being done, there was a pleasant Harmony of Musick heard to sound: Then did the Stranger cloathed in Green, take his leave of the people; whereof the chiefeft in the Parish desired it might be put in Print, and have hereunto set their Hands.

To the Tune of, In Summer time.



**A**t tend good Christian people all,  
Mark what I say both old and young,  
Unto the general Judgment Day  
I think the time's not very long.

A wonder strange I have t' relate,  
I think the like was never sholn,  
In Westmoreland at Tredenton,  
Of such a thing was never known.

One Gabriel Harding liv'd of late,  
As may to all men just appear;  
Whose yearly Rent by just account  
Came to five hundred pound a year.

This man he had a vertuous Wife,  
In godly wayes her minde did give;  
Yet he as rude a wicked wretch  
As in this sinful Land did live.

Such news of him I will relate;  
The like no mortal man did hear,  
'Tis very new, and all so true,  
Therefore good Christians all give ear;

One time this man he came home drunk  
As he us'd, which made his Wife to weep,  
Who gently took him by the hand;  
Saying, Dear Husband lie down and sleep.

She lovingly took him by the arm,  
Thinking in safety him to guide;  
A blow he struck her on the Breast,  
The Woman straight sunk down and dy'd.

The Children then with mournful cries  
They run into the open street, (hands  
They wept, they wail'd, they wung their  
To all Christians that they did meet.

The people then they all run forth,  
Said, Children why make you such moan?  
I make you haste unto our house!  
Our dear Mother is dead and gone:

Our Father hath our Mother kill'd  
The Children they cryed out than,  
The people then they all made haste  
And laid their hands upon the man.

He presently deny'd the same,  
Said, from guilty Murder I am free,  
If I did that wicked deed he said,  
Some Example I wish be seen by me,  
Thus he forswore the wicked deed  
Of his dear Wives untimely end:  
Quoth the people, let's conclude with speed  
That for the Crowner we may send.

Mark what I say, the doors fast shut,  
The people the Children did deplore;  
But straight they heard a man to speak,  
And one stood knocking at the door.

One in the house to the door made haste,  
Hearing a man to knock and call,  
The door was opened presently  
And in he comes amongst them all.

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**B**y your leave good people then he said,  
 Pay a stranger with you have some talk,  
 A dead woman I am come to see;  
 Into the Room I pray Sir walk:  
 And in the Room where as he stood,  
 He was of such a comely grace  
 Their hearts were all a ravished  
 With the sweet complexion of his face:  
 His eyes like to the Stars did shine,  
 He was clothed in a bright Grass green;  
 His cheeks was of a Crimson red  
 Of such a man was seldom seen.  
 Unto the people then he spake,  
 Mark well these words which I shall say,  
 For no Crowner you shall send,  
 I'm Judge and Jury here this day:  
 Bring hither the man that did the deed  
 And boldly hath deny'd the same,  
 They brought him into the room with speed  
 To answer his wicked deed with shame.  
 Now come O wicked man quoth he  
 With shame before thy Neighbours all,  
 Thy body thou hast brought to misery,  
 Thy soul into a deeper thrall.  
 Thy full delight was drunkenness,  
 And lewd Women, O cursed sin,  
 Blasphemous Oathes, and Curles vile  
 A long time thou hast wallowed in:  
 Thy Neighbours thou wouldst set at strife  
 And alwayes griping on the Poor;  
 Beside thou hast murdered thy Wife,  
 Alack what salve will cure thy sore.  
 Thy Family within thy house  
 Food thou wouldst grudge continually:  
 O wicked man, thy self prepare!  
 A fearful death thou'rt sure to dye.  
 Fear nothing good people then he said,  
 A sight presently will appear;

Let all your trust be in the Lord,  
 No harm shall be while I am here.  
 Then in the Room the Devil appear'd,  
 Like a brave Gentleman did stand:  
 Satan, quoth he that was the Judge,  
 Do no more then thou hast command:  
 The Devil then in an ugly shape,  
 He danced round about the Hall,  
 Which made the people much afraid  
 He had such fearful looks withal.  
 The Devil then he straight laid hold  
 On him that had murdered his Wife,  
 His neck in sunder then he brake,  
 And thus did end his wretched life.  
 The Devil then he vanished  
 Quite from the people in the Hall,  
 Which made the people much amaz'd,  
 Yet no one had no hurt at all.  
 Then straight a pleasant melody  
 Of musick sweet was heard to sound,  
 It ravish'd the hearts of those stood by  
 So sweet the Musick did abound.  
 Now quoth this gallant man in green,  
 With you I can no longer stay,  
 My love I leave, my leave I take,  
 The time is come I must away.  
 Be sure to love each other well,  
 Keep in your breast what I do say,  
 It is the way to go to Heaven  
 When you shall rise at Judgement Day.  
 The people to their homes did go  
 Which had this mighty wonder seen,  
 And said it was an Angel sure,  
 That thus was cloth'd all in green.  
 And thus the news from Westmoreland,  
 I have related to you o're,  
 I think it is a strange a thing  
 As ever man did hear before.

Here are the Names of some of the chiefeft men that live in the Parish. Christopher Rawly, Esquire, James Fish, Gent. William Lisle, Gent. Simon Pierce, Ambrose Whit, Oliver Craft, Robert Ford, Thomas Clifford, Yeomen. George Crawly, Peter Vaux, Philip Cook, Francis Martin, George Horton, Husbandmen. Abraham Miles.